



*The owl
Who darts his eyes
Across the dark, And
Captures souls in its
Yellow moons
Is no more, no less
Than the beginning
And the end.*

*The owl
Who haunts
On feathers silenced
Is the questioner, the question
No one dares answer*

— *Paul Rochberg*
1944 - 1964

DINOS - SPRING '68

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Marple Newtown Senior High School
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A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

The fresh awakening of our world to the new, the different, the young, places special emphasis on our generation. In the near future we will be taking on greater problems and inheriting numerous privileges. Whether because of this or because of the rampant confusion of our age, our thoughts and feelings are intense, our ways of expressing them, strong.

...*Dinos* is an outlet for the creative expression of Marple Newtown's students. It is through their efforts that obstacles to bringing its supporters an open magazine have been surmounted. Next year's *Dinos staff* will inherit the high level of professionalism that this year's staff has sought to achieve.

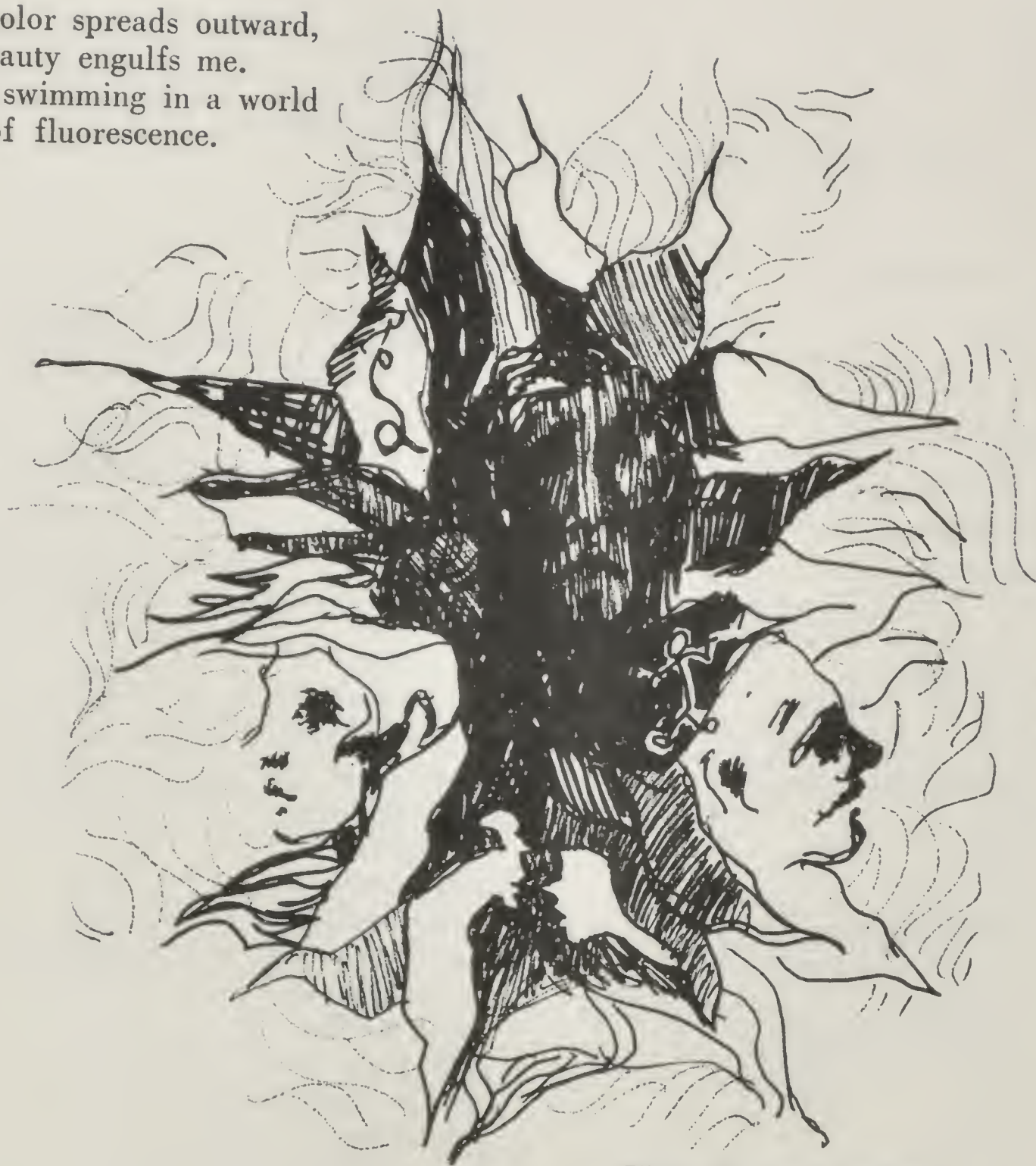
Our sincerest thanks go to all who have assisted in making *Dinos* an outstanding publication.

KAREN ROSENBERG, *Editor*

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The color spreads outward,
Its beauty engulfs me.
I am swimming in a world
of fluorescence.



Then the grey begins;
Moving inward to end my fantasy.
It transforms to black.
Slowly . . . Slowly . . . Slowly.

— *R. F. Field*

Cajole

Come out
Seep through my cold fingers
Through the clear plastic
Into the blue
And onto the white
Paper before me
Too white shiny
Blank
Come out and make words
Don't stay
Pressure cooking inside

—*Nancy Owens '68*

A mountain there lies, between two ends
Each of which I must or have conceived
Though I must make many bends
I will find that ominous summit
I climbed for many days in infinite time
Even though my mind and muscles weary
I never stop my infamous climb
Until I reach that ominous summit
The end is near, I see it
My Journey is coming to an end
Is not now the time for me to rest
My hand upon the summit?

And then I stood up, and looked at the sky

— *Anonymous*

Bindello

In scouring the Fuji scrolls, the main bulk of information on the Middle civilization of the Choreomanders, I have come across some interesting character portraits in the form of diaries. These diaries, mostly of the members of the various royal households, reveal much more than do the rather shoddily kept Chronicles.¹ One of the most interesting was that of Bindello, court jester to three generations of the Second dynasty. During the reign of Gidoi, the first king, Bindello enjoyed unbelievable social and monetary success as a comedian, author, and actor. Because of his overpowering good-looks, sparkling wit, and natural charm, he was able to win over women of high-standing, such as the Queen Clorinda. Later, during the reign of the second king, Theus, his popularity declined along with his virility until, by the coronation of the third king, the poor fellow was nothing but a quivering stick of a man bereft of his senses. It was during this reign that Bindello began his diary. The section reprinted below is representative of the entire record.

"Because I cannot sleep, I will write. But for what? If anyone should read this collection of my most private thoughts, they would laugh and think me a fool. The cads! How could they know my grief, my utter humiliation? Today was a perfect example of my sorry existence. As I en-

tered my dressing room, I felt a rush of relief because here was the only place in this vile world where I feel safe and secure. I slapped on the clown's make-up with zeal, grateful to anything that would hide horrible wrinkles and thinning hair. When I stepped onto the stage, I could feel how half-hearted the applause was. The fools! Don't they know I made their parents giggle with delight and roll on the floor in convulsions of hilarity? But this younger generation; where is their spirit? They are always wrapped up in their petty intrigues. I remember when I was young and involved in the real thing, with the Queen Clorinda. Oh, what a beauty! That romance was brief, though. As soon as she was found out she was put to death. The poor lass! But not once did she mention my name. She only cried for mercy.

Tonight, what happened? After the show, a kitchen maid, a crisp little thing, and I were out on a balcony together. When I tried, almost shyly to make a pass at her, she spat in my face and called me a lecherous old worm. I! Bindello, who was and still am the greatest lover of the domain — a lecherous old worm! Well, I can't say that I am blind to her point."

¹Journal of the Royal Household as kept by The High Historian.

—Mitch Rosenberg '70



JEA

It's a Big, Wide Wonderful, Plastic World

Yes, we're all plastic,
We melt under pressure
Solidly formed and molded
By our elders, society, and religion.
We come in four different colors:
Red, Yellow, Black and White.
Colors don't clash intentionally
It just happens!
A plastic president tells
Plastic machines to tell
Which plastic people where
To go.
But he is limited,
When you pull the string
Only a number of things emerge.

The plastic hippie, for one,
Who dodges the draft of a plastic fan
That's always on the intake.
He runs, he runs fast to form,
To form what?
His own blasted plastic society!!
And to become the hardened idol,
The teenagers' plastic God!
How can I believe?
Who knows when my name will be drawn,
How can I resist?
When the winter cold comes to freeze
My softened plastic.

—S. Gorman '69

Autumn

Leaves rustle beyond life.
Smother.
Devour those beneath
The cold air beckons
A question unanswered
Yet asked before
A dark shadow, in
 a window
 old yet young
Evil is held in the leaves
Burn . . .

—Robert Ecksel '68

The sand stretches on and on
It meets the clouds.
The air a shroud.
I walk on in solitude.

The sun burns my hair
The rough sand my feet
There is no heat,
The world is cold.

Water crashes
It leaves a fish wriggling in the sand.
I touch it with my hand.
It, too, is cold.

I throw it back.
It swims away without a thought
Was he caught
By that sea gull there?

—Sue Dampman '69

City Undergrowth

Frazzled clips of thickets
On the haunt,
The shifting lights of turning cars
Skim across the waif.
The swaying sign squeaks
In metal croaks.

Sounds that live in the
Hymn of the languid bottle
Of Cola sift in frequented alleys
Across the rag
On the clothesline dim.

Limpid now the frazzled clips
Through which a skim of foot-
Prints trim.
When bottle and rags walk again,
Watch the thicket
Burn in the wind.

— Charles Lawrence '68



Who Be?
The world I live in is not yours
I know I mean really know what
Life is
A conglomeration of energy within me
Without me
Lets me be my surroundings
Lets me out of myself to revolve around
A single sound
A lone phantasm
One touch
I can be me and everything else
Still to regard myself from afar
Separation
Fusion
Allatonce

I am sorry for you
You who think you are
Real because you have your
Statistics and
Machines and
Ricky-ticky
My life is in perpetual perception
I am

— *Geri Rogalski '68*



Edward Sandler sat in the back of U.S. history, a thick brown book in front of him. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Judy Sall who sat in front of him. Judy Sall. The very name reeked of femininity! How many times, while reading about Dred Scott, did he lose himself in abundant locks of her golden hair. In the eighth grade she had sat next to him in Mrs. Shay's French class. He got a D that year. During the ninth grade Edward had it arranged so he could be in five classes with her. He even tried to get the principal to allow him to take Home Economics.

Edward's fascination with Judy became something of a cult. She was an obsession with him. He had looked up her phone number, written it down with a great deal of secrecy and hidden it under his bedroom rug.

Some nights when Miss Kempsey's Latin was too much for him (even Caesar gave up on the Gallic wars after a year), Edward would take Judy's telephone number out and for ten or fifteen minutes he would merely look at it and recite over and over. Milton 9-6237. Milton 9-6237. Edward thought, call her. She'll go out with you. Every girl would be delighted to go out with you, or, remembering what Aunt Milly said, "You're spending the money, what has the girl got to lose?"

Sometimes, Edward would find himself standing in front of his bureau mirror in his underwear convincing Judy (and himself) that she should go out with him. 'J-Judy. (Saying the name made him nervous.) Judy, I've got something to say.' No that won't do. Not at all. Be more forceful. Now all at once. Ready? One.

Two. Three! Four. Five, Six . . . No. No. Let's go on three. Ok? On three. One. Two. THREE! NOW! Judywillyougoout withmetothemovies? Will you?? Please?

Well you wouldn't have to sit next to me. I mean you could sit one seat away. Or two? Maybe a row in front of me? (I'm kind of used to the back of your head.) WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?

Oh.

What Edward needed was a plan. What did he have that his competitors lacked? (He had begun to look at all his male classmates as being competitors.) Self-analysis, he told himself, can be a very painful thing. Very painful.

First Edward compiled a list of her boy-friends and where they took her. This was a particularly painful task. He found out that she liked foreign films and anchovy pizza pies. Through most devious means Edward found out that Judy loved Yardley Cologne. Bill Gore almost punched Edward when Edward kept sniffing around him in the locker room. "What are you? Some kind of nut??"

"No, asthma."

Edward had all the facts. The date was as carefully laid out as was the Allied invasion of Japan. Now all he had to do was call her.

Wednesday was Edward's father's poker night and his mother was attending a PTA meeting. Alone, except for the fish. Tonight was his night.

Edward's hands became quite cold and wet. The ink from her telephone number began to run off onto his palms. To build up his faltering confidence, Edward began to talk aloud to himself. "Keep calm

Eddie. Don't lose your cool. Cary Grant wouldn't lose his cool. Now Ed pull in your chest. Think positive. She's only a girl. Flesh like yourself. Almost. Besides what has she got to lose? Nothing. Now go right in there and call her out, er, up. GO! March! Hup, Two, Three, Four!" Edward marched towards the den. "Cannon to left of me. Cannon to right of me." Plunging through the door he shouted wildly, "INTO THE JAWS OF HELL!" Tired from the assault, Edward plopped himself on the green naugahyde couch. "Now dial the number. Go on — dial it.

"WAIT! STOP! HOLD THE PHONE! THE TRAIN! I CAN'T CALL! Something, someone's trying to jinx me. Someone is staring at me. It's the fish. The fish is trying to make me crack up. We can't have this. Got to hide! Edward walked over to the tank and gave the fish a mean look. "You're the one. No wonder we got you so cheap. You're subversive!"

Edward slid himself under the green naugahyde couch. He pulled the telephone down with him. "Like to see the fish give me the evil eye down here. With his mind at ease, Edward began dialing. Milton 9 - 6 2 3 7. R-R-ing. R-R-ing. Click!

Edward gasped. He had done it! God only knows how but he had done it! And that click meant that she was on the other side. She! The telephone was so slippery from his perspiration that it nearly slipped out of Edward's hands. "Hello," came the other side.

Come on Eddie. Say something. Say something quick.

"Hello?," questioned the line again. Edward moved his lips, but nothing came out.

"Hello??? Is anyone there?" With every ounce of strength Edward pushed out one syllable.

"Yes," wait, that's not right. The voice is too high. Like a girl. Down, voice, down. "Yes, this is Ed Sandler." Edward could hear the humming of the silent telephone. Well, he thought, at least she hasn't laughed. Not yet.

Still nothing from the other end. Was she still there? Maybe the line broke?? He asked,

"Hello?"

"Yes," came the voice from the other side.

"Who, no whom is this?" He Cary Granted the whom.

"Why this is Judy Sall."

"Oh. That's nice."

"Well, what do you want, Ed?"

"You," Edward slipped.

"What was that? I didn't hear you."

"Well, you see, its about . . ."

"Yes? Why yes??? Why not 'Oh I'd love to. She must know what I am leading up to. Why does she draw it out so?"

"Well, what do you want, Eddie?"

"The history homework. What did we have to read?"

"Pages 237 to 245."

". . . to 245. Thanks. Thanks alot." Whew. That was over with. You did it Eddie. Maybe next week . . .

He Rose to the Occasion

Ran mad into the own heart of living
He thought, saw she, a ghost of love
Not in the wine glass was holding,
 he
Applied no salve
to his aged creek.
but ran mad in the pink cliffs
of a vase, running in the
blacksunlight
yesterday,
near her window
did
wet his feet.

— *Charles Lawrence '68*

Moonlight and tears
Wasted last years
Children leaping joyously,
And I,
Intellectual indulging in idiot's delight,
Ask why.

— *Benjie Burenstein '70*

She looks thru stained glass window eyes
From a creme de menthe mind.

She tells cellophane lies,
And the truth is hard to find.
In a cotton candy world
Where the sun is just a sign
That the worst is still unhurled
And the truth would blow their minds.
— *Joseph Milsom '69*

Oh, Tinsel Town

Oh tinsel town of Californ', adorned
By false prosceniums, lights, care not the dirt
To pot has gone; safe keep unwed, unhurt
Thy Thespis youth, reveal the life unborn.
Oh Dionysus lead us onward, Muse
Be strong this time triumphant. Wycherly
Thy Wife still echoes restorationly
As Ralph and Gammer puzzle Albee's Zoos.
Fill, resonating body flairs, expand
The arch triumphant these, portray a life,
Unfold emotions, emotions deep suppressed by strife
And stress of William's times. Extend thy hand:
The worlds of Punch and Judy live by strings
Of tinsel, time, and treasures — Angel's wings.

— *Lois E. Barnett '69*



The Elevator

Tom was early that day. He simply left the office after lunch. After all, a young, handsome executive should have some privileges. Now, entering the lobby of his apartment house, he had no regrets. Stepping into the elevator, he was surprised to find his best friend.

"Dave, what are you doing in the building?"

"Tom, hi. I thought you were going to spend the week out of town."

"No, my trip was cancelled so I thought I would come home early and surprise the wife, but what are you doing here?"

"Uh, well, I have a new client to interview. He lives on the eighth floor. I'm trying to meet a 2:30 appointment."

"You're a little late, Dave. What's this client's name. Maybe I can help you out if I know him."

"Uh, Mr. Williams."

"Oh. Someone I've never met."

Tom and Dave had been college friends. The only thing to threaten their friendship was when they both fell in love with the same girl. Tom had won, and married Marsha. Dave was still a bachelor, and still in love. After the wedding, however, they continued to be friends. Now both were fairly successful businessmen.

The elevator sped up toward the sixth floor.

"So you just took off early, Tom? What a life. Wish I could leave whenever I pleased."

"With the trip cancelled, there wasn't

much to do. Besides you don't have anyone to come home to. Why should you leave?"

"My social life is not as dull as you suspect, dear friend."

The elevator jerked to a stop just as the fluorescent lights blinked once and went out. Tom groped his way to the control panel and reached for the emergency phone. It was dead. He pushed some buttons on the switchboard but to no avail. They were stuck in a dark elevator between floors.

Tom spoke, "What do you think happened?"

"Dead battery, power failure, earthquake, who knows? Push some more buttons or try the phone just to tell them we're still alive."

"It's still dead."

They both settled down on the floor. Tom made a fruitless search for a pack of matches. They sat quietly in the dark for a time.

"Things always seem unreal without the light, don't they?" Dave said.

"Yes, but what would be the purpose of darkness if they didn't?"

"What do you mean?"

"Darkness has its purpose. People can talk frankly without looking at each other. Things can be revealed because of the unreal atmosphere."

Dave stirred uneasily. "What are you driving at?"

"Why are you in my apartment building at 3 o'clock in the afternoon?"

"I told you, Tom, I have an appointment."

"How did you know I was supposed to leave the city today?"

"You told me some time last week. Cut this out, will you?"

"I haven't seen you since Thursday. This trip wasn't planned until Saturday afternoon."

"Then Marsha told me."

"I knew it."

"Knew what? What's wrong with you? You would think that I was the great American villain or something. I called you the other day and you were out. Marsha and I talked for a few minutes and she happened to mention this trip. That's all there is to it."

"Who is this Mr. Williamson?"

"Mr. Williams," Dave corrected, "is a business associate. I have to see him about a contract. He lives two floors above you in this apartment building. I don't know why you never met him. If we ever get trapped in a dark elevator with him, I'll introduce you to him."

"Don't use that tone with me, friend. Why do you happen to have an appointment in this building on a day when I was supposed to be out of town?"

"Oh, for God's sake, quit it."

Outside, by the remaining light of day, the city operated under the conditions imposed by a power failure. The darkened stores were empty, subways and elevators halted in dark passageways. Inside the dark elevator Tom continued his attack.

"What is going on between you and my wife?"

"Nothing. When you married her, any relationship I had with her ended. I only

see her when I visit you."

"She didn't tell me you called. Why would she keep that from me?"

"How should I know? It wasn't an earth-shattering conversation. We only talked casually for a few minutes, and she mentioned that you were going out."

Tom sat silently for a moment, and then took a nail file-pocket knife from his pocket. He began cleaning his nails in the dark. Dave knew Tom well enough to note this familiar nervous habit. The verbal attack was over. Tom would not apologize, but the next time they met they would act as if nothing happened. This blackout and Marsha's name would be a forbidden subject for a time, and Dave would not be invited to dinner for a few weeks, but, in time, their friendship would return almost to normal. It was unfortunate that they had both fallen for the same girl, and more unfortunate that Dave still loved her.

An hour later the power was restored, and the elevator continued on its way. A housewife with a few parcels in her hand walked down the hall to the elevator and waited for the door to open. When it did, she screamed, dropped her packages and ran to her own apartment; for there, on the floor of the elevator, in the glare of the fluorescent light were two dead men. The one with the nail file stuck in his back had strangled the other.

On the eighth floor, Mr. Williams wondered why his young business associate was late for his appointment.

—Lynn German '68

The season of mourning is near
The disinterred bodies of
the past lie about me
the fragrance of that which
is unknown.

The mutilated corpse of Aphrodite
arises and spits upon me
the blood of infested pollen.

— *Robert Ecksel '68*



Number Four

O come all ye faithful
And give me some.
For unfaith came a stealthy parasite
And fed on my food
And usurped the throne.
Now it grows
While I grow
weak.

— *Nancy Owens '68*

I	I really don't know why you're here Although we've had a fine time indeed, Tripping along the leaves of time And running through the fiery rings.
Really	I really don't know why you're here Although we've shared the vacant black balcony, Leaping upon needles trying to find hay Climbing down beanstalks chasing the giants.
Don't	I really don't know why you're here Resting my head on your soft brown hair, Watching the play and applauding ourselves Listening to Shakespeare's yesterday and yesterday.
Know	I really don't know why you're here Looking into your calm blue eyes, Searching for pink finding the yellow Watching the sound hearing the sight.
Why	I really don't know why you're here Contemplating your lovely face, Caught in the pit of forgetfulness Peeping through knotholes in the wall of memory.
You're	I really don't know why you're here Holding you closely for the last embrace, Always prepared and yet never ready Wondering when it will ever repeat.
Here	I really don't know why you're here Lying right by me in my sleep, Counting the sheep that didn't make it Restraining emotion to a single room.
	I really don't know why you're here Contained in the cell-block of my mind's prison, Past the blobs of winter resemblance. And into the photograph that's all dark.

—S. Gorman '69

The Realization



SCENE ONE (That's All)

Scene opens with an ordinary wooden chair, back facing the audience. Note a subdued paisley coloring may be used on chair for effect. The chair should be heavily spotlighted.

As the curtain rises a boy is sitting on the chair with his head leaning on the back of it. Chair is center and should be spotlighted dimly and then picked up brightly.

BOY: I never thought I'd like 'em but now with the prom coming up . . . and everyone going . . . and . . . well, you know . . . (rising) that one . . . over there . . . not bad . . . a little on the heavy side perhaps . . . over there . . . another . . . oh, but there's a boy talking . . . not my type, anyway . . . there is another . . . blue eyes . . . Gee, I like blue eyes . . . better 'n brown anyway . . . (points goes a few steps in that direction) Hey! . . . You . . . (stops) Don't know her name . . . Don't know any names . . . Too . . . Too bad . . . I like blue eyes . . . There's Ben . . . Ben come here will ya . . .

(ENTER BEN)

BEN: What do you want!

BOY: Who's that?

BEN: Who's what?

BOY: That girl . . . Over there, with the blue eyes.

BEN: What's it to you? In love or something!

BOY: No! I just want to know her name. You don't have to make a federal case out of it!

BEN: Well, I don't know her.

BOY: You sure . . .

BEN: What do you think I am, a computer or something! Do you think I have the name, address and phone number of every girl in this place, I told you I don't know!!

BOY: All I asked for was her name.

BEN: Will you stop bothering me! I think she's a sophomore.

BOY: Thanks.

BEN: Thanks for what ?

BOY: Well, it's a start.

BEN: A start on what?

BOY: I know this is hard to ask, but how do you get a girl?

BEN: Get a girl to what?

BOY: I didn't mean that!!!

BEN: What did you mean?

BOY: I meant . . . Well, I meant how do you get a girl to like you?

BEN: Well, it's been a long time since I 'got' Sue.

BOY: Well, how did you make her like you?

BEN: I started by being nice to her. The first time I met her was when I went up to her and said Boo! You see I thought she was someone else. And then one thing led to another and now we've been going together for God knows how long.

BOY: Gee, it sounds so easy.

BEN: Not if you're shy!

BOY: Are you sure that will work?

BEN: Worked for me. I'll have to see you.
I'm going to lunch.

BOY: Bye.

BEN: (To audience) It'll work! Right!!!

(EXIT BEN)

BOY: Ben isn't such a bad guy. I used to think he was a bully always picking on everybody, but he's not so bad. He sure knows about girls. You just sneak up and say, "Boo!" (He becomes carried away and pantomimes this action. A small crowd is beginning to gather — he doesn't notice. He pantomimes the action once again, and then a third time.)

VOICE: He's crazy.

VOICE ONE: Kid are you all right?

VOICE TWO: What's the matter with him?

VOICE THREE: Maybe he's drunk.

BOY: (Not paying any attention to what's going on around him) Boo!

VOICE THREE: He is drunk!

BOYS Are you the one with the . . . Blue eyes?

VOICE TWO: What's the matter with him?

(ENTER TEACHER)

TEACHER: What is going on here? (looks at crowd which is breaking up and leaving in panic. Teacher glances at the boy).

BOY: Are you the one with the . . . Blue eyes? (He touches the teacher's face, still in a state of total unawareness.)

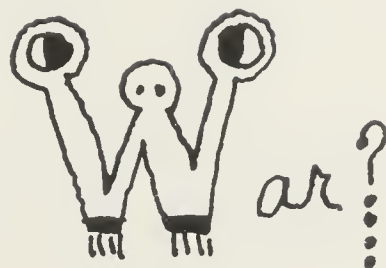
TEACHERS No! (shrugging and walking away in amazement).

(EXIT TEACHER)

BOY: What did I do that they all ran away from me? They're always running from me. I don't know if Ben was right. I tried to run up and say "Boo"! It didn't work . . . It never works . . . nothing I try ever works . . . (he again pantomimes the action) Boo! . . . Boo! Boo! . . . Dammit!!! Boo . . .

(CURTAIN)

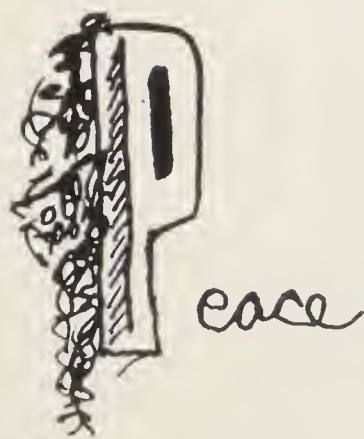
—S. Gorman '69



Hero

Enter stage left the Tragic Hero
 His flaw so minute undefined
 Enter stage right the Comical Heroine
 Who plays at the game untrue
 Pity: the watchword for Tragic Hero
 Envy: the key to the Heroine who
 Takes on the degenerate Tragic Hero
 And leaves him alone, broke, blue.

— Jim Yudes '68



Can You Laugh?

The literary children
 Preoccupied with morbid death
 Carrying the burdens they have never felt.
 They scorn that which is the very breath
 of men who must feel the joy of being
 And feel no shame for material gains,
 That don't look everywhere for suffering
 Nor glorify with words the ghostly pains
 of men, which are better to divert
 by mythical dreams of Wonderland
 Than to be made a hypocritical show of
 By those too young to really know.

— Stephen Wylen, '70



Fabulous freak on Xmas Eve
You're perfectly right, yet you must be wrong
Fabulous freak, I do believe
Is it because your hair's too long?

Is it because you've never hurt anyone
That makes them think you can not be trusted?
Maybe they'll shoot you with guns you have lent them
Maybe you'll die, but maybe you won't

Maybe they'll cut off your beautiful hair
Take away everything for which you worked
Maybe they'll make you stand on a hill
Maybe they'll laugh at you — maybe you'll die

Maybe they'll bury you and you'll be gone
Stolen or Risen who is to say?
Maybe they'll make you a national hero
Kids will get school off the day that you died

—Joseph Milsom '69

And death came unto him smiling,

A warm, loving goddess,

Draped in robes of

ebony, no longer screaming

But

only

inviting.

— *Benjie Burenstein '70*

The Poet

As I was walking through the fiery dens of Hell

Along the sulphured road, I tripped and fell

Upon a piece of paper lying in my path

I would accept the flaming walls, but, oh, my wrath

At being so cruelly led

To reading Benjie's poem about the dead.

—*Stephen Wylan '70*

Forever Joined

The human creature never fails
To think itself the highest rank
In the animal scale.
Laboring hard
Over the manuscripts
By which we elevate ourselves,
I felt the beating of another heart.
As drums beat across the African lands,
Questioning and answering forever
And creating confusion of sounds
Which somehow belong together,
My heart and the intruding one
Collaborated in distinct pounds.
— A cat on my lap,
Another life
Sleeping and dreaming as we all do,
Was so close to my life:
Not set apart
By physical and spiritual differences
But forever joined
By the beating of our hearts.

— *Helena Feldman '68*

Ah, Eternal Spring of Youth

Oh, once there was a poet young
He cried his pleas with pen and tongue
And sang them loud with hearty lung.
This merry minstrel traveled far,
But kept his mind locked in a jar,
Its polished edge not to mar.
One day he met a holy sage
Who screamed at him in quite a rage,
“Get out from inside of your cage.”
At this the poet turned to go,
But feeling that he had to show
Some courage, in the falling snow.
So as his brow was softly kissed
By some strange mournful mist
He punched the old man with his fist.
And stomped upon him. Then he left.

— *Benjie Burenstein '70*



Jonathan Abrahms

Finally

Made It

When Jonathan Abrahms first walked on water his mother was somewhat perturbed. Dr. Jacobs, her family physician, said the boy would grow out of it, but Mrs. Abrahms wasn't sure. The way he just got up in the tub while she was bathing him; well, it frightened her. At two he had never walked on water before, but then again he had never walked much at all. Maybe he had been crawling on water and she had not noticed it. Mrs. Abrahms did not tell her husband for fear he might think there was something drastically wrong with the boy. Her husband wanted Johnny to be an all-American boy and all-American boys just don't walk on water.

Jonathan lived a rather uneventful seventeen years thanks to the protection of his mother who was very proud of the fact that her son could walk on water. She'd drink tea out of cracked white porcelain cups and crunch on burnt sugar cookies as she bragged to her friends about her Jonathan.

Her best friends, Emma Gould and Lillie Fine, would argue about anything, but especially they enjoyed arguing about the superiority of their sons.

"My Ricky, he'll be a lawyer, I'm sure. Brains? I don't know where he gets them, but he sure is smart. All A's on his report cards. Harvard. Yale. Yesheva. They all want him. And with scholarship!" Lillie Fine looked at her two graying girl friends begging an answer to the question about where her son got his brains. Neither Mrs. Gould or Mrs. Abrahms would oblige.

"Davie is working in a hospital," said Emma Gould.

"Really?" replied Mrs. Fine and Mrs. Abrahms.

"Yes, and the doctor he's working with says David has a wonderful bedside manner. He's even letting David diagnose minor things like headaches or bloody noses." Mrs. Gould had clearly upped Mrs. Fine and both women knew it. Mrs. Fine, knowing about Jonathan's lack of success in school, asked Mrs. Abrahms, "How's little Jonathan doing?"

Mrs. Abrahms had kept the walking on water to herself for sixteen years, but now she had to tell.

"My Jonathan, he can walk on water," she said with great dignity.

"So that's nothing," Mrs. Gould replied, "Davie can suspend himself in air. For three minutes!" Mrs. Abrahms thought that Mrs. Gould's Davie must either be some

wonderful kid or else this was one big story.

Jonathan thought nothing of walking on water. I guess when you've been doing it all your life, it becomes second nature and loses its novelty. His mother had told him never to walk on water in public for fear of what people might think. Only he, his mother, Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Fine knew the secret, and both Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Fine didn't believe it.

Jonathan was a very lonely boy. He had few acquaintances and no friends. At night he'd steal out of his home and take long bare-footed walks on Black Bass Pond. He'd think about many things while strolling on the pond, but especially about Barbara Morrison. Her hair, blonde and shiny, her eyes, blue and prancing with delicate eyelashes. He'd think about her last, then with a sigh he'd leave the pond, dry the soles of his feet, put his shoes on and return to bed.

School never went well for Jonathan. He was always dreaming about something or other and never got anything done. He managed to get on the same Student Council Committee as Barbara Morrison though. He was always looking at her; it's a wonder she didn't notice. Devoted as he was, she never paid any attention to him. Of course, there were complications to his one-sided romance. First she liked sports, especially football and swimming. Jonathan never played much football and he had a problem swimming because he wouldn't sink. Second and more painful, Barb al-

ready had a boyfriend who was large, brutish, and a tackle on the football team. Still there always seemed to be hope for Jonathan. He'd see himself on Black Bass Pond with Barb drowning and he, Jonathan A. Abrahms, would walk out and carry her to safety. It was a dream then, but one day Jonathan was sure it would come true.

Jonathan had to deliver a sample of the prom key to Barbara's house to see whether or not she approved of it. Her house was large and her mother, after greeting Jonathan informed him that Barb was in the back, by the pool—with Mike, her large, brutish tackle of a boyfriend. Jonathan was somewhat crestfallen knowing that Mike was there, but still he'd be able to see Barbara. Maybe she was wearing a bikini. Barbara Morrison in a bikini! Good grief! Who cared if Mike was there!

Barbara was sitting on a plastic green and white deck chair wearing a dark blue, one-piece bathing suit. Mike, showing off every one of his muscles, was perched on a diving board. One bounce and up into the air, around, around again and into the water like a knife. Show off. Barbara gasped. She was obviously impressed. Mike, pulling himself out of the pool, took notice of Jonathan.

"Jonny, hi-ya sport. What cha doin' here?" Barbara turned her head and fixed two very blue eyes on Jon.

"Uh, it's about the prom," Jonathan muttered.

"Gonna ask Barb to it, Hunh?" Mike chided. Barb giggled. That hurt. That really hurt.

"No, it's about the prom keys. I want her to look at this sample." He handed the key to Barb. She took it, but was absorbed by Frank, who was preparing to dive again.

"A double flip with half pike. Watch this Barb."

"Frank, you're so great. Don't you think so, Jon?" She focused the blue eyes on Jonathan.

"Yeh, ain't I great, Jonny-boy?" Frank said as he got out of the pool. Jonny-boy. That did it. Jonathan was mad, walking mad.

"Ya think that's something — watch this!" Without another word Jonathan strode into the middle of the Morrison swimming pool.

"Good grief!!!" Barbara shouted. Mike just stood there, mouth agape. Mrs. Morrison ran to the pool to see what her daughter was shouting about. When she saw Jonathan, she froze. Jonathan smiled broadly at her. This would be the time to make a good impression on Mrs. Morrison he thought and began to wing and heel across the swimming pool. Then he started to tap dance, only instead of tapping, the water went "splosh, splosh." For his finale he jumped into the air, did an arabesque, landed on one foot and leaped across the pool splashing Mike in the face.

Mrs. Morrison threw her arms into the air shouting, "It's a miracle, It's a miracle." She was running all around wild-eyed and ecstatic. She then tore back into the house and brought out her youngest daughter, Jean.

"Jonathan, please, you've got to help me. It's Jean. Only you can save her. She has this acne infection and I've been to all the best dermatologists and they all say it's hopeless. Only you can save her. Do something. DO SOMETHING!"

Mrs. Morrison pushed the frightened girl to the edge of the pool and Jonathan didn't know what to do. "Touch her forehead," Mrs. Morrison begged. Jonathan did and much to his surprise the girl's skin immediately cleared up.

"Makes one want to convert," Jonathan muttered. Mrs. Morrison ran off in a frenzy shouting "Hallelujah" and "Oh Lord" and things like that. Barbara gazed in adoration of Jonathan, but the blues eyes were not adoring Jonathan the man, but Jonathan the saint. He felt sick.

Soon the swimming pool was surrounded by people who had favors to ask of Jonathan. He straightened teeth, uncrossed eyes and doled out noses like Audrey Hepburn's by the dozen. People took some of the pool water in little vials. Late that night, Jonathan managed to sneak off. Without telling anyone he left for San Francisco. There he took hikes on 'Frisco Bay in the night, and after a year he wrote to his mother. He continued to write and she kept all his letters a secret. A secret to everyone except her, Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Fine. Jonathan had finally made it. He became a rich San Francisco surgeon. A plastic surgeon.

— Art Forman '68

The King

Beauty, truth, hope
and peace
Love and God, and lamb's
warm fleece.

Stars that glow and sun
that warms,
Sweet, sweet honey of bees
who swarm.

Seekers of good, of justice, of
liberty
Lusters of life, and lives of
purity.

All this within one man did
ring!
But monsters killed this god-like
king.

Beauty—filth, truth—lies, hope—
despair
And cold is the lamb's warm fleece—
Forever gone from this dark
world is our king's most
blessed peace . . .

Rick Davidon '68



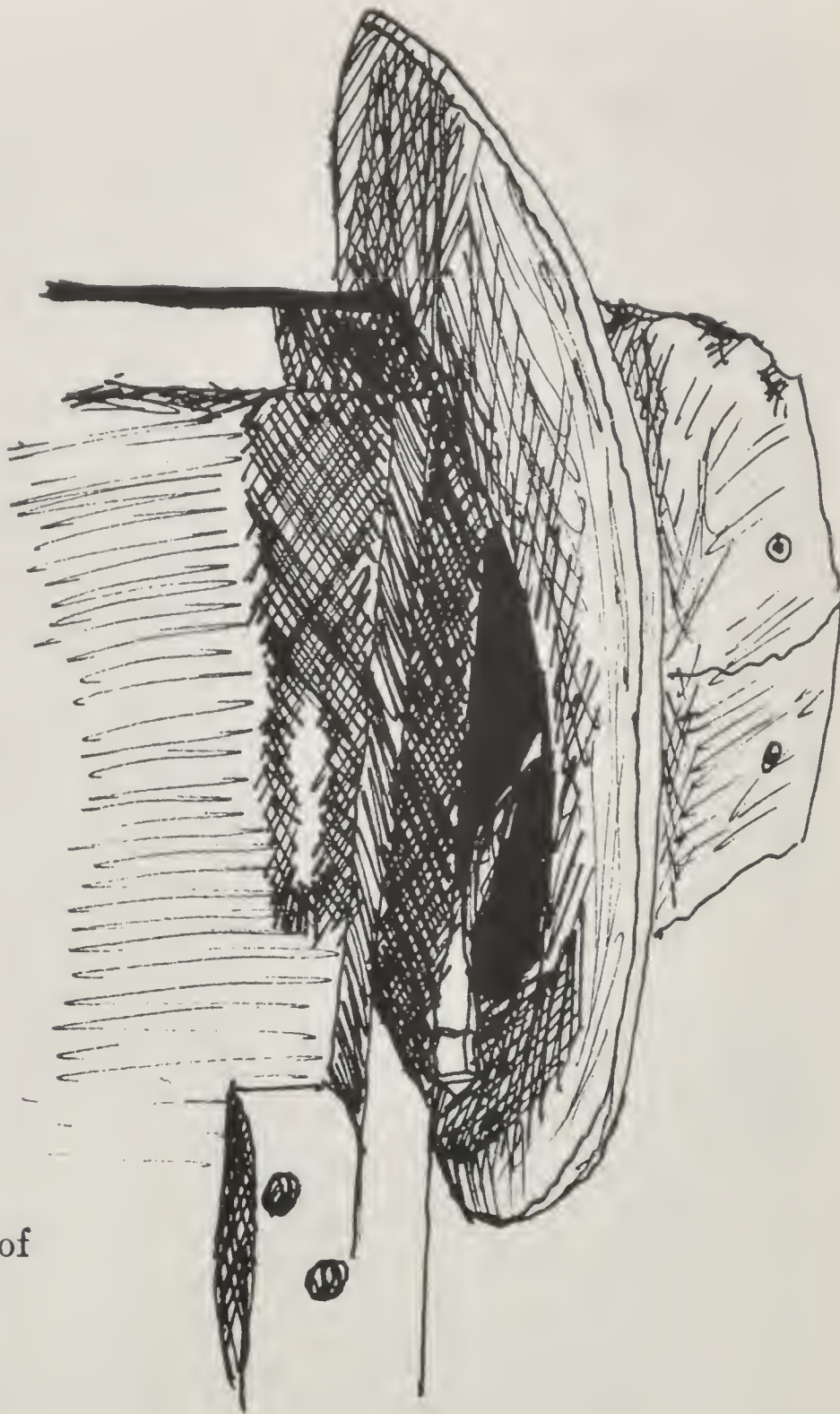
The Oddfellow's Home

I hear the echoes of my world,
I find that time will never pass.
The loneliness becomes my friend,
My own reflection in the glass.

A room of white and of decay.
A senile thought that finds its way.
A desperation, losing home;
The steady running from its tomb.

Oh, honey, don't you go and cry.
There's nothing left for me to find.
The only sound I hear is the weeping of
the old.
The tired mind becomes so cold.

My screams are never heard at night.
The final hour has now been spent.
The lonely valley is so wide.
The dreams of yesterday have died.



— Jackie Buckley '70

Darkness . . . Enlightened

The cream spreads outward
Filling the black void
The pattern of life-giving light
Permeating a dark existence.

Then the color is constant;
The ripples have disappeared.
The transformation is complete —
And the steam is all that's left . . .
to remind us.

— *R. F. Field*



They tell me you have been trying to keep peace with
friend and foe!

Go forth and show me another city with raised head
so proud, to live and still be strong to fight such
an oral battle.

Under fire, smoke, tell me still who arises laughing
from the pit of undesireables?

The speakers with the volume of a score of hammers —
there they awake, and the scar-filled propaganda dies
out slowly.

To fight over a half-naked, ignorant problem which leads
to no success for either side.

For the people, they will live on; they will have their
blunders, their trying times, fire will still break
out; for only a shovel of stars can keep the fire
contained.

— *John F. Bovard '68*

The Dream

This particular morning, Richard Ludwig was late for breakfast much to the surprise of his wife, who valued order and punctuality as much as her husband did. Coming into the kitchen, he kissed his wife and sat down. After no more than five minutes, Ludwig broke the customary silence. "Dorothy, I had the strangest dream last night — a really horrifying experience."

"Mmm."

"Dorothy," he said, "this was really a strange dream — frightening, too! It was a foggy, clammy day — like today — and I was driving to work as usual; maybe that is what made it so frightening."

Dorothy, smiling mechanically, murmured, "Go on."

"Well, as I was saying — I was driving to work on this foggy day, and I parked the car; but there was no attendant, a strange situation for the morning rush hour. A feeling of uneasiness began to come over me — you know, the kind of unreasonable fear of a nightmare. And I started to walk from the car toward the office, slowly at first, almost feeling my way in the dense fog. I was worrying because I was late for work.

"But what about your dream? And what is so frightening about driving to work on a foggy morning and finding no attendant? Do you want more toast?"

"I'm coming to that — just hold on. And, no, I do not want more toast. Anyway, I began walking, but everything seemed conspire to keep me from getting there. Inadvertently I made a wrong turn and then another. The more I tried to right my-

self, the more confused things became. And suddenly the most startling awareness came over me — there was absolutely no one around, not a soul. I was totally alone in the quiet, dense fog; it was like being locked in an empty room by yourself. Suddenly, the fog formed four, blank, doorless walls, and I was locked in. Beating on these walls, pounding and screaming, I had to get out, to get out. . . . In a panic, I rushed at the wall and strangely enough it offered no resistance. I ran right through it, but there was another beyond it equally blank and another beyond that and another and another."

Ludwig paused at this juncture to swallow a mouthful of coffee, which sloshed from the cup to the saucer. His wife looked more interested, and Ludwig continued; "Until finally I smacked into a wall which was quite solid — no amount of pounding would move this one. Turning in another direction, I could only walk slowly, panting for breath.

Then I slipped and nearly fell. I said to myself, 'It's a damp day, and the streets are wet.' Soon I was chanting this phrase in time to the sound of my footsteps, the only footsteps I could hear. Slipping and sliding, I bumped into something which clanged and crashed quite noisily; and losing my balance, I found myself sprawled on the pavement. I couldn't get up and the ground seemed wet with something other than water, something sticky. The more I struggled the more helpless I became, only to awaken sitting bolt upright, sweating in bed. I realized then that the alarm clock must have been the clanging noise I had heard. That must have been it.

And I know I've been worried about all extra work at the office."

Despite his rationalization, however, Richard Ludwig looked disturbed by his dream.

Seeing his wife was about to reply, he glanced absentmindedly at his watch, and noticed with a start that he was already late for work. He rushed out, no longer thinking about his dream; but worrying about the very real problem of getting to work on time.

Richard Ludwig drove to work as usual on this particular foggy morning, noting with some surprise that the parking attendant was not there. In his hurry to get to his office, he lost his way in the fog and in the panic triggered by this event was hit by a car and killed. Contrary to his dream, several people gathered at the scene of the accident; however few persons attended his funeral.

— Anne Morris '68

How do you love without bending,

stapling, or mutilating?

You and me so comfortably
and that which is out is in
depart without arriving
fusion of minds hearts lives
in a kiss
yet mingle at a distance
and eyes that search
finding countless mirrors
touch but do not feel
bring to me you
while i am coming
penetrate but isolate
find me i wait
confused illusion
belonging to but not possessed.

rip
frazzle
tatter
tear

— Geri Rogalski '68



The Saga

of

Arnie Schmidt

This story is purely fictional.

By the time the snipers opened fire it was too late for Arnie to turn back. He could try to break through the line of guns and whips, or — take the little known path which might lead to safety. It was worth a try. Arnie, who was unarmed, turned his back and ran, pausing only for a second near the body of a fallen comrade. No time now for sentiment.

Arnie slipped around a corner and stopped to rest. The blood hammered in his head. Gazing down at his wound, he saw the blood was flowing more freely. He would have to bind it as he had been taught in health. How he wished he had paid more attention! It was too late now!

His hunters were drawing closer — he would have to flee. A door opened in front of him, darkness lurked inside. He crept in, catlike, silently closing the door behind him. The hunters continued past the door. Safe for a moment!

Arnie was sure that the room was empty, until a voice boomed in his ears. He jumped, startled. The voice reverberated throughout the room.

“Excuse me . . .”

Who could that be?

“Excuse me . . .” — it was the intercom.

“Yes?” he queried timidly.

“Is Arnie Schmidt in this classroom?”

“No — he’s not,” Arnie lied. He sank to the floor in relief, his knees melting under him. Safe for another moment.

But he was trapped — and he knew it — caught up inside a small rectangle of strangely pink, concrete walls. He was trapped; fate had decreed it.

Why had Arnie been selected as the sacrificial lamb? There were 1800 members in his society — why had he been chosen.

Arnie thought back to the fifth period. It was then that he had decided to make the break. He had decided to violate the cardinal rule of his society: “THOU SHALT NOT LEAVE THE LUNCH-ROOM BEFORE THE APPOINTED MOMENT.”

Memory came painfully to him. His youthful impetuosity had overruled his reason — he couldn’t restrain himself. The plan had grown in his mind slowly, hypnotically, leading him onward to his destruction.

The initial part had gone smoothly enough — silencing the alarm, breaking the padlock, unwrapping the chains from the door; he had done all that and even gotten past the police dogs without being stopped. But, as luck would have it, he ran smack into a group of snipers who had finished lunch early! He remembered the looks of joy on their faces when a bullet struck his arm.

In vain he searched for a way out. The windows were locked on the inside, iron bars on the outside. No one had escaped

for years.

Arnie was growing weaker. If he could not escape now, he was doomed. He thought of the jeering mob which would congregate to witness the slow, painful process of his execution. He thought of the hungry alligators in the natatorium, knowing the sharpness of their teeth. He thought of the hundreds who had died before him in the same attempt to escape. He would die if he must, but could he die with honor? He sobbed silently, then rose to meet his fate.

Then as he slowly advanced to the door, he saw it — a flash of white in a world of darkness. Even as he rushed to pick it up, he knew that he was saved. He had found his salvation — a student pass!!

With tears in his eyes he wrote his name in the space provided, being careful not to get any blood on it . . . "*Arnie Schmidt* may pass from 118 to *outside* . . ."

He pulled his sleeve down over his wound, opened the door, and quietly stepped into the hall. He walked briskly past the first sentry without being challenged, passed the next two sentries safely, also, and was almost to the last door when he heard it —

"Hey you — let me see your pass."

Arnie walked toward the voice, trembling, not looking at the face. He handed over his pass. "Here it is, sir. It's official."

The fat sentry examined the pass, then Arnie. He put the pass into his pocket. "All right Schmidt, come with me."

Arnie followed in a daze. How could he have been apprehended so quickly? He

had planned so carefully, worked so diligently, only to be ignominiously caught. Arnie followed, not thinking, not trying to run now, his spirit broken.

The fat sentry stopped at a place Arnie knew well, and feared. "The assistant principal will see you now."

Arnie walked in mechanically. He stepped up to the large desk . . . "I'm Arnie Schmidt, Mr. Bonheure . . . — but he could not finish the sentence, for suddenly out of the lurking shadows jumped the chief sniper, the one that had wounded Arnie.

"That's him — the one I shot — look, his arm's bleeding!"

The assistant principal spoke slowly, confidently . . . "Did you leave lunch early, Schmidt?"

Arnie was strangely calm — "Yes, sir — I did."

The assistant principal pulled himself up to his full height. He addressed the chief sniper — "Mr. Wrath, see that Schmidt is properly taken care of."

The chief sniper nodded, took Arnie's arm, and slowly led him away. The assistant principal watched them go, then spoke to the fat sentry. "Fine work man, but how did you know Schmidt was wanted? I just found out myself."

The fat sentry turned away, tears streaming down his face. "I didn't know he was wanted — I just thought he needed a hair cut."

The fat sentry walked away and Arnie died that day. And no one cried for Arnie Schmidt.

— Richard D. Brenckman '68

In Memory of Sir Thomas Augustine



Oh, how they stared when I searched his face,
The laughter and scorn made me burn inside.
I knelt on my knees and I wore my white face,
And five thousand dreams that never were mine,
Dance in the shadows of smoke-filled time.

I remembered how his lively green eyes laughed with me,
Oh how his smile used to comfort me,
As I looked at him now his eyes were not these.
His smile was now a blank without even a care.

And five thousand dreams that were never mine
Dance in the shadows of smoke-filled time.

And the people all cheered when he reigned as their king,
And they shouted and sang and made the forest bells ring,
And he laughed and he smiled with joy in his heart.
And five thousand dreams that were never mine
Dance in the shadow of smoke-filled time.

As I wiped my moist eyes and began to rise,
Memories took hold of me that made me so wise.
Now he is gone from their thoughts,
But their thoughts had to go—
And five thousand dreams that were never mine,
Dance in the shadow of smoke-filled time.

— Randy Hurwitz '69

Water's Edge

The sun felt warm against his body as he rolled over in the shining sand. It was a fine, hot day, but he couldn't get comfortable. It seemed that he could never stop feeling bloated, sated, ready to regurgitate some psychic excesses. Lines from a song on the radio filled his brain: "'Cause I'm just one too many mornings and a thousand miles behind." He grunted, and turned his twelve-year old mind from the radio, his brown eyes from the sky, Lousy voice.

Surfeited, that was the word. He could not stand the ceaseless non-being any longer. He had to run, to lash out, to stretch himself, to use himself for more than a fat sponge. He stood, and started to run to the ocean. At last, something to work against, a thing to fight, something he could compete against without the help of his mother.

He walked over the shells on the edge of the ocean, his too-soft feet being cut, and every line of pain showing on his pudgy face. He passed older girls in ridiculous bikinis, little boys paddling with their hands on the floor of the ocean, their feet kicking, their proud daddies staring protectively at them. Why had his father never looked at him like that?

The tender sea opened to meet him as he walked to it. The malaise afflicting his soul lifted momentarily, but returned uncontrollably. He shivered and took the first dive.

The eye of the ocean blinked as he descended into it. He had dived too early, and the sand cut his knee. He came up

just as a wave was breaking over his head, and he went down again, chocking and spluttering. He wanted to run to the shore, screaming, "It's not fair, help me mama! The sea should make you feel good, you're not supposed to get hurt when you go swimming." But he didn't want his father to know that he had been beaten by the churning water.

He stood, shaking the water out of his eyes, and walked onward. He noticed that the undertow was stronger than he had expected. The sand was being swept from the shore, mixing its dead brownness with the harsh green water. The muddy mixture reflected the light, hitting his eyes powerfully, giving him a headache. Mustn't stop, still and always onward.

He had been walking for some time without noticing his progress. Suddenly he was up to his chest, his feet sliding from under him. Good, he thought, masochistically, if i (unconscious lower case "I") can't make it by myself, then i don't deserve to.

The undertow was pulling him out diagonally, away from the lifeguard stand. He was confident, however — he had always been able to swim well. It had been his one talent.

He put his arms into the work of swimming, pulling hard to advance his body through the miasmic waters and keeping his eyes closed as he swam, he thought about how beautiful the pure white sand beneath his feet was, and the clean, whole shells which skimmed silently through the water. He had skimmed a shell once, but no one had seen it. No one ever believed.

He heard a lifeguard whistle, and opened his eyes. Sudden panic, splintering of thoughts, no i'm not that far, i can make it, no one will help me, oh lost, gone, i deserve it, i don't; i can, i can't; i can, i can't beat you, monono, no help, yes, if you must draw me in, crush me enfold me, love me, if i lose, i win . . . down always down . . .

"You're safe now, son," said the lifeguard." He thought it was the lifeguard.



— *Benjie Burenstein '70*

Quick, cool, smart, jaws
and standing akimbo
barking might

Sprint, tear with those paws
and brand atempo
harping right

Slick, cruel, dart, fleet
and freedom while
spraying plight

Isn't a dead charred peasant
later a cool dark present
with no want
Isn't a yellow stalk of corn
better burnt

Click, tool, part, straws
and standing in limbo
a red army corp white
a blue army corp
red

and still a
hung peasant
sways
tonight

— *Charles Lawrence '68*

The Good Boy

— *Bill Adler '68*

It was a particularly humid, sultry day when the efforts of mortals to explain the irrationalities of the elements with artificial calibrations such as 111 degree Fahrenheit and 90 percent degree humidity seemed totally ludicrous. Nearly every man, at one time or another in his daily trek up the main street, would pass the thermometer situated auspiciously below the image of the local patron saint, eye its dispassionate readings, utter some profanity in the direction of the divine, or perhaps the austere, stone image above, beseech the same party for forgiveness, and then seek some measure of refuge in pools of lucid water, sheltering oaks and cypresses.

The unfavorable elements, the unrelenting sun and stagnant air, made his work all the more noble, thought Stephen Bellerephos, for through suffering alone can man attain oneness with the universe. Stephen mumbled somewhat audibly, iterating almost verbatim the solemn words of his Sunday School text. In this respect Bellerephos was atypical: if total abstinence from what his church called vice and almost unparalleled virtue can be termed unusual.

At any rate, Bellerephos was quite pleased with himself for that very special occasion appeared to be the culmination of all his virtuous acts. The elders of his church had selected him to stand vigil over the temple that had been erected in honor

of the town's patron saint. The motive behind this choice had been rather unclear. Stephen found credence in the school of thought that he had been chosen for his goodness; but the consensus appeared to be that his size was the deciding factor. The temple had been recently ravaged by a throng of impious vandals, the holy images debased, and the works of art (some of the most costly paintings of the deities) defiled. It was generally conceded, therefore, that while the task should be reserved principally for a young man who could spend a day idly presiding over inanimate objects, it should also be someone who could be a formidable adversary in the event of an attack.

Stephen looked an incongruous sight, a huge hulk of a boy, with a well developed body and well defined musculature, carrying a Bible close to his breast. A girl passed him, eyeing him surreptitiously and longingly. Stephen thought, "Resist temptation and thou wilt be a holier man." Yes, Stephen was even learning how to coin his own rhetoric to suit the occasion.

A few seconds later, a thin-faced boy, equal in age although markedly inferior in piety and strength, mocked Stephen's devout strut disparagingly, and then retreated to the safety of the other side of the avenue. Allaying his rage, Bellerephos noted, "Wouldst thou be as I, sinner?" His bombast improved each time, both grammatically and in magnitude.

The boy on the other side, as if he had heard the threat, screamed, "I am a sinner. I am damned. God will strike me with a thunderbolt for defying his agent on



earth — YOU!” The “You” was articulated with such exaggerated reverence that the onlooker might have laughed had it not been for the gravity of his blasphemy.

At length, Bellerephos reached the temple. Whereas any other young man, ligious or otherwise, might have felt awed by the towering edifice and its architectural intricacies, Stephen felt quite at home. He sat before the patron saint and dreamed in musing reverie of resurrected heroes, virgin births, and deluges.

Poor Bellerephos! How could he have known that at that exact moment the town’s delinquent element, delinquent both in regard to city ordinances and religious edicts (which were usually strikingly similar) had formed a clever cabal to ravage everything in the town that smacked of religion. Their last exploit, throwing a mass of stink bombs into a Woman’s Auxiliary Charity Convention, had terminated in failure. This new plot, however, was infinitely more complex — its intricacies too lengthy to explain here. Essentially, the substance of the design was to deploy bands of boys all over the town and through this means to wreak havoc on the local vigilantes who served as a police force.

Bellerephos was sitting before the altar visibly affected by the sweltering heat, yet he refused himself the luxury of removing his shirt. As he knelt in prayer for about the seventh time that day, he heard some noises outside the temple. Ignoring it, he continued to pray. A remarkable sight it was, the mob of juvenile heathens outside the temple, yelling profanities, while Stephen knelt inside in holy supplication.

The first boy to enter, obviously a vanguard to clear the path, looked around with irreverence, accentuated by the staidness of the surroundings and raced out again, his motions grossly exaggerated to suit what he thought was the importance of his role. At a prearranged time, the defilement began. Hoods with latent artistic ability drew mustaches on august saints, the blasphemy of the deed unparalleled. The temple was by no means exempt from the ravages of these pagans. Bellerephos, blinded by rage past the bounds of piety, ran from statue to paintings and back again, defending their chastity, and inflicting considerable damage on the vandals. It was in vain, however, his supple frame was unable to cope with the mischief of his tormenters. Then, as if spontaneously the vandals rushed on Stephen; the sight was reminiscent of dogs.

A chained bear, Stephen was unable to employ his full strength since he was occupied with defending the inhabitants of the temple at the same time.

Finally overcome, he collapsed, a giant Achilles felled by a single dart; a clamp on his leg by an impish 11-year-old had brought him crashing to the ground. On the floor of the residence of god, he was easily bound in the most humiliating fashion, and placed before a fallen statue. His rage had subsided into self-pity, his will to fight into submission.

The final blow was long in coming, its effect immeasurably more piercing than any that had preceded it. “That’s what you get for trying to act like God.” It was the thin-faced boy who had mocked him earlier that day.

getting home at night before your parents do
finding someone fatter than you
finding your guidance counsellor in his office
a substitute teacher
the last day of football practice
not getting caught smoking in the rest room
thinking you lost your class ring in the toilet but finding it in your pocket
having Fred walk into history class
having no cavaties
sand between your toes
lunch period
3:10 on a weekday
pierced ears
having your own room
eating barbecued potato chips
not having to sleep with rollers in your hair
finding out that someone you like finally discovers you're alive
listening to sad records when you're in a lonely mood
watching a movie and crying at the end
graduating from Marple Newtown
getting out of swimming
making the honor roll for the first time
study hall instead of English
not having to do the dishes
when you finish something
getting even
a bus full of people singing
a two-people party after everyone in your family has left to go bowling
having a student council meeting during your worst class
skipping a class and not getting caught
a girl in a mini-skirt
not having to write a composition every Monday
chewing gum in class
teachers who use mouth wash
a bowl of corn flakes
typing 50 words a minute
being tall
breaking up a friendship without hard feelings
a six pack
being alive

Happiness Is:

— Mrs. Michaelson's 2nd Period English Class

Steel Bridges

It is night, absolute night. At a distance, the steel bridges form an abstraction; their grey melts and discolors. All the different lights pour into each other. Why do you feel cold, honestly so, even though some areas seem to look warm? The lights transform the steel bridges into gold-grey and the blackness of the night into deep red.

Where should you go? There are sounds from inside and out to which you are oblivious. Certain pieces of night out there are dark holes against flickering patterns. Everything is moving steadily. The brightest places seem to lead nowhere, but there are distinct paths that lead into darkness. A gross checkerboard where you are a chesspiece and must decide to which square to move. Perhaps it would be safer to travel along the edges? On one side you will drift into the fast-moving lights and on the other into a dark red space.

Here you get the feeling of no direction, none at all . . . at all . . . at all . . . (you must keep moving steadily along with everything else). You must not, you cannot, touch anything outside.

You glance around in all directions looking for the right path to take to the path leading out, and grow even colder when you find none.

Only a slight move makes things different. Pieces of light form familiar shapes, and you stare happily at them (You move along — you don't feel the motion now.) until continued movement shows you there is nothing — no shapes, no substance, just space.

How cold you are! You shiver again and again. All the lights seem to stand out separately from the dark. Everything is so clear, but it is the clarity of nothing recognizable. Your movements are uncontrolled, but you do not realize that. You do not even realize you are moving.

Which way can you turn? Nothing is turning — nothing is spinning. Everything must go in a straight line, you included. You wish you could get off. Here, here, here. But where! Where are you? The lights are a trap — you head desperately for the darkness: your only escape. Heading for it — faster, faster — you break the steady motion — you are wild with joy. Suddenly, a light — you stiffen. Your motion stops. You are spinning, spinning. You bounce, then fly. You are whirling; you are flying; you are; you aren't.

—Karen Rosenberg '68



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